

EP AU LET

Final
1958

A large, abstract, yellow line drawing on a black background. The drawing consists of numerous overlapping, curved, and straight lines that radiate from a central point, creating a starburst or floral-like pattern. The lines vary in thickness and density, with some areas being more concentrated than others. The overall effect is one of dynamic movement and organic form.

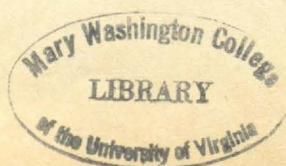
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
of the UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Mary Washington College

Literary Magazine

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FINAL EDITION 1958



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EDITORIAL

The editorial staff has defined the over-all objectives of the **EPAULET**;

"To stimulate intelligent interest in art, music and literature.

"To provide a means of expression for those students who are creative in the fields of literature and art.

"To play a vital role in uniting interests in the liberal arts."

We, of the new **EPAULET** staff, wish to bring to the attention of the student body the great progress which June Kyzer and her staff have made towards the achievement of these objectives. We realize that this advancement has been made through enthusiasm and hard work on the part of the former staff.

In taking over our positions as editors of the final issue of the **EPAULET** for this school year, we see and respect the high standards before us. Within our group we feel a similar enthusiasm and desire for achievement.

The new **EPAULET** staff turns to you, the students of Mary Washington College, for support in our objective:

To make the **EPAULET** a literary magazine which you, as students of liberal arts college, will take pride in.

Betty Desmond

CONVERSATION IN THE CLOUDS

(A Satire on Theology)

Jeanne Thornhill '61

Jupiter drained the last drop of nectar from his golden goblet and settled down on the edge of a purple thundercloud, from which he could get a good view of the earth. The great god sighed—and Jupiter's sigh could capsize a small ship—as he looked down on the world of mortals which had once worshiped him above all others.

"I'm just a has-been," he sadly said. "Nobody has sacrificed so much as a termite to me for centuries and centuries now. My temples—just look at them; they're nothing but ruins. Mere tourist attractions! What a pity that it should all come to this."

A greenish-colored cloud upon which a large snaky-looking creature appeared to be asleep, drifted toward Jupiter's. Jupiter was roused from his reminiscences by the collision of the two clouds, and turned to see what had disturbed him.

"Please excuse my carelessness," hissed the snaky occupant of the little green cloud. "This lovely weather seems to have put me to sleep, and my cloud, I fear, is not equipped with an automatic pilot. No damage has been done, I hope."

"Do you know whose cloud you have just bumped into? Don't you realize who I am?" thundered the old god.

The snake (he looked more like a snake than anything else, so a snake he shall be called) frowned and looked very thoughtful. "Nooo, can't say that I do," he replied, "although you do seem somewhat familiar. Shall I try to guess?"

"Never mind," sighed Jupiter. "My day is over; that's plain to see. The one-time king of the gods. Now you do not even know his name." And Snake watched a big tear creep over the bottom edge of Jupiter's right eye.

"What a shame," sympathized Snake, "that the world has ceased to worship you. But you don't have to spend the rest of eternity forgotten. Those days could be brought back, you know."

Jupiter eyed the snake with suspicion. "Brought back, huh?" he thought. "Now just what does this fellow have in mind? Of course, I have considered diverting a few Christians or Moslems or what-have-you back to the worship of me. But this was just an idle dream, and this creature here seems to be thinking of my ruling the whole mortal world once more."

SNAKE listened to Jupiter's silence, and then remarked, "It wouldn't be hard, you know. One good revival—and you'd be all set. The altars of Jupiter would once again flow with the blood of many sacrifices, and little children would pray to you in place of Santa Claus."

Jupiter remained in silent thought. "My good-

ness, how this fellow resembles the snake in Genesis. But would it dare to tempt the gods?" Aloud he said, "who are you, creature, and what do you have in mind?"

"Oh Jupiter," called a feminine voice from a nearby cloud, "I see you have met Knaki. Do have him tell you about his wonderful revival idea!" It was Juno, and she steered her cloud over to where the god and the snake were conversing.

"So your name is Knaki, and you have already sold my wife on this revival of yours. Tell me, Knaki, before we go further, will it involve any eating of apples?"

"Why, Jupiter, such a silly question," prattled Juno. "You know that if we gods and goddesses ever broke our diet of nectar and ambrosia, we would lose our heavenly figures."

"My plan, great Jupiter, is very simple. It is all based on a few self-evident facts." The snake brushed aside a few wisps of clouds that were blocking their view of the world below, and continued with a gesture earthward. "Look at the worshipping public. What do you notice about them? I mean, besides the fact that none are worshipping you, of course."

Jupiter started to speak, but Knaki interrupted. "Wait, let me answer myself. They all seek for a god to worship and because each one defines god somewhat differently, they are divided into many different religions—each one worshipping the god that fits his own definition. Do you now see the flaw in the religions of the Earth mortals? They cannot settle on one god because each man is allowed to define God for himself. If, however, a god could define himself, rather than always being defined by those who seek him, it would put an end to this chaos. There would be one definite concept of god and one credo of doctrines, rather than all this variety of opinions and consequent uncertainty. Great Jupiter, I am proposing a theological dictatorship."

A crooked smile crept over Knaki's face, but he saw the flaw in the religions of the Earth mortals; he noticed it. Nothing remained but a few stray wisps of Knaki's cloud, and the echo of his last words—"a theological dictatorship."

"Perhaps," mused Jupiter, "he has something there. It would certainly put some order into this world. And I never did think it was fair that mortals could create their own image of a god, and then say that this god had created them in his image, when it was really the other way around."

"So god shall now define himself, and there no longer shall be doubt, or difference of opinion

... read Juno from a great black scroll.

"Hey, where did that come from?" asked Jupiter with a frown.

"Oh, Knaki left it on my cloud," answered Juno lightly. "Now Jupiter, you must set up some definite life-after-death doctrine. Those mortals have thought up so many different concepts of what will happen to them when they die, that I am really quite confused. Why, just yesterday I met three souls who believed that after death their former bodies would be resurrected in the flesh, just as they had been when alive, except that they would now be immortal. Well, it seems that the first soul had donated blood to the Red Cross, which gave this blood to a woman who needed a transfusion. Soon afterwards this second soul had cut her finger while preparing her husband's dinner. A drop of the same blood that had belonged to soul number one and soul number two, was eaten by the husband, soul number three, in his stew. Now dead, the three souls were fighting over the drop of blood. Each claimed it for his resurrected body, and since at different times it had belonged to each one of them, they couldn't agree on whose it was."

"All very interesting, Juno, my dear," said the old Roman god, "but isn't that an apple I see beside the scroll?"

Juno looked down and saw a shiny red object

at her feet. Sure enough, it was an apple with instructions attached. "Do not eat me," read Juno from the attached note. She turned to Jupiter. "Now what do you suppose . . ."

"Reverse psychology," remarked the great god thoughtfully. "Do you remember, my pet, how a taste for apples caused the Trojan War? And there was another apple long ago . . . a snake was involved . . . and a woman . . . I can only remember vaguely . . ."

"Well, I'll certainly not risk gaining weight and losing my figure! Goodby, apple—you're not included in my ambrosia-and-nectar diet." With these words, Juno tossed the apple over her shoulder.

"Hey, wait a minute," cried Jupiter. "This is the wrong ending, I'm sure . . . if I could only remember . . ." He watched the apple of temptation fall through space 'till it could be seen no more. "Could my memory be falling me in my old age?" he wondered. And watching from the branches of a fig tree down on Earth, Knaki wondered too. "Now what do you suppose went wrong?" he puzzled. "She was supposed to help me, not throw the apple away. How the heck can we snakes be expected to work with creatures as unpredictable as females?" So Knaki, traded in his green cloud for a bag of apple seeds, and went about trying to develop a new low-caloric variety of apples.

COLLAGE

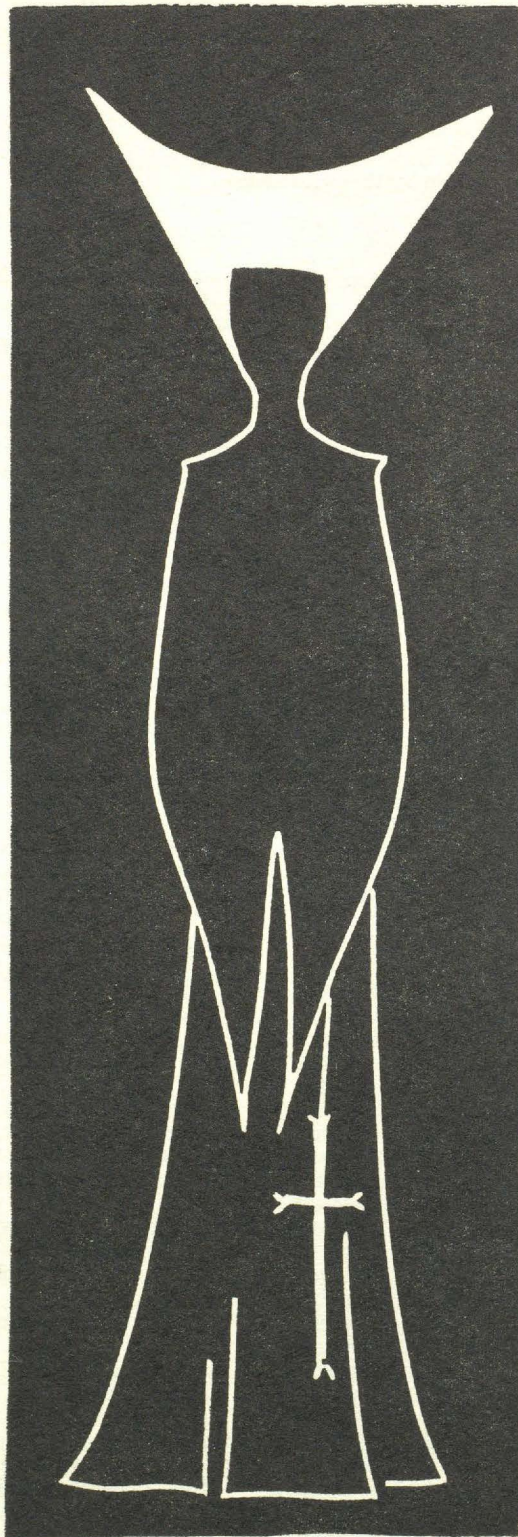
Anonymous, '60

Here I sit, knowing that I have unfinished tasks before me, but where is the initiative? why am I existing? I feel a desire to search, yet I know not for what. I seek the truth. I seek to abolish classical thought. Why is man content with his way of life? does he not want to pave new paths and to be able to roam these paths, knowing that he, himself, smoothed the way? is it because man is clinging to tradition that he refuses to see? why must man be a puppet to his own motives? I seek answers, and something even deeper than answers—but if I close out the contentment of answers, can one exist in scepticism forever? conceivably. The sceptic is not an utter believer, a clinging vine. When one believes and leaves no gap, the end seems final. Nothing can be final, man is ignorant of this sphere—but why was man created not to know? why life then?

We must seek true scientists to help us create our world. We must cease looking to supernatural forces. Is it not finer to believe in the concrete

rather than the vague? to believe is to have faith, but why faith in a thing called god? why does man need such a faith, such a guardian? It only obstructs his path to the pure depths . . . god, the universal creator, is the final word for many, but not for the curious. To them, god is a barricade. For a belief in god prevents the search, the search I so desperately seek. A belief in god would be the end, for all my unanswered questions would be answered by the very existence of god. Man knows not the true essence of god—therefore why does he so devoutly believe in his true nature?

. . . god is the answer for the weak, the strong desire more than a god. Yet they know not that for which they aspire. Ah—it is a great turmoil for man. Where will it end—or where will it begin? The answers must subsist somewhere, in virgin regions—alas,—perhaps, there were never meant to be any answers. Who is the judge? Oh—why must we writhe in our search? Is it a search?



Nun Linoleum Cut by Mary Louise McNeil

"FROG"

Bernice Bramson '58

Louise Miller '58

(First Chapter of a book now being written by these students)

"Maurice, depeche-toi, Viens prendre ton dejeuner!"

Maurice leaned over the sink and glared at his image in the bathroom mirror, only half listening to his mother's insistent voice.

"Frog," he whispered fiercely to the round face staring back at him. "Frog, go eat your breakfast."

He stood on tiptoes and jerked at his tie to straighten it. When he stood as tall as he could his shirt button came just above the bottom of the mirror, and he could see if his tie was knotted correctly.

"O. K. O. K." he called. "In a minute."

Maurice ran cold water over his comb before attempting to pull it through his hair. The cool drops trickled down the sides of his face, and he brushed them away with annoyance.

"Maurice?"

"Coming."

He pushed his fingers through the uncombed portion of his dark hair, made a hasty inspection of his teeth and rushed out of the bathroom.

At the foot of the stairs his mother stood impatiently watching as he cleared the last four steps with one leap.

"You haven't combed your hair," she said. "Run back up and do it. Hurry, now, or you'll be late to school. And stop scowling so."

Maurice pushed his straight locks angrily back from his face.

"It's all right," he whispered to her retreating back. "If you'd let me have it cut, like Jean's, I wouldn't have to comb it."

"Yes," she retorted, "and you can look just like all those little saucer heads you play with after school. What are their names? Ah, yes, Larry and Pete. They look so much alike with their shaved heads that I can't even tell them apart. You are Maurice, not Pete or Larry or even your friend Jean, and I want you to stay that way. Now hurry."

Maurice dug his hands deep into his pockets and started back up the stairs. There were fourteen steps straight up and three to the right. Maurice counted each one slowly as he climbed.

"Dumb Frog," he said to his reflection in the mirror. He turned the faucet on full force and watched the water splash his shirt front as he wet the hairbrush thoroughly.

His hair was plastered wetly to his skull when he finally sat down at the long, empty breakfast table. A small plate of rolls and cup of chocolate were at his place, and Maurice inspected them morosely. The soft bread broke easily, and he buttered it as deliberately as if he had just learned

how. Frowning slightly, he sipped his chocolate, letting it roll momentarily over his tongue. It felt cool and thick.

"Cold again," he thought angrily, not remembering that he was a half hour late as usual.

"Claudine?" he called, stretching out the last syllable of her name in irritation. He could hear the thin click, click of her heels as she hurried across the kitchen, but he called her name again.

"Claudine, my chocolate is cold again. Heat it up for me quickly." He stopped speaking as she pushed open the swinging door and regarded him coolly.

"Bonjour, Maurice. Maurice cringed as she glanced over at the clock. "Sacre Bleu, child, you'll be late for school. If you had come down with your Papa your chocolate would have been nice and hot for you. Here, give it to me!"

Maurice shoved his chair back rudely, stood up and brushed the crumbs from his blue serge pants.

"Never mind, Claudine, if it's going to be so much trouble. I really don't want it anyway. I haven't time now. If you'd pay a little more attention to what I like sometime . . ."

"Maurice, that's quite enough." His mother had slipped in quietly and now stood at the dining room door. "You may go, Claudine, but not until Maurice has apologized to you. Now, Maurice . . ." Her steady voice was a warning, and he blushed at the thought of apologizing to the maid.

"Sorry," he mumbled reluctantly and tried to make himself small enough to slip by his mother into the hall without being noticed.

"Your breakfast, Maurice," she said sternly.

"I had my roll, Mama," he answered shifting his weight from one foot to the other impatiently.

The hall clock chimed eight times.

"Saved by the bell," he thought and trotted quickly into the hall.

"I'll be late if I don't hurry. M. Legrand will be angry and keep me after class again."

Maurice had on his jacket and was turning the knob to the front door when his mother stopped him.

"I want you to come home directly after school. Directly, mind you. I don't want you running around the streets. Don't make any plans for this afternoon with Jean or any of your other friends. Your father will be very upset if you're not home when he comes home from the Embassy. Comprends-tu? Now hurry on."

Her affectionate kiss did not mollify him at all. Grabbing his books he strode out of the house furiously. As he reached the gates he looked back

at the high, grey turrets of the house. "Frog," they mocked, "go on, you're late again, late again, late again."

The early morning traffic on Kalarama Road moved haltingly like a lamed animal as it slowed to merge with the traffic on 23rd Street. Maurice stood impatiently on the corner of the intersection as he waited to cross to the little Ecole Francaise Internationale de Washington. He let his heavy leather book bag thump against his bare knee as he looked for an opening between cars. The short walk from the Embassy had given him little time to decide how he was going to tell Jean that he would not be able to join in the fun after school. Now he stood squinting at the passing traffic, his lower lip half-caught between his teeth as he considered how he would explain. He would have to tell Jean, he supposed, and that would be the worst part. Jean would smile knowingly, pat him on the shoulder, and say "Perhaps you can go another time when your mother is in a better mood." Maurice could feel himself reddening at the anticipated humiliation. Jean would tell Larry and Pete after school that little Maurice had to go home to his mother again, and they would nudge each other and snicker. Then the three of them would go off arm in arm, laughing and chattering intimately about their plans. This was the afternoon they had decided to spend at the nearby theatre. "On the Waterfront" was playing there for only two days, and the boys had waited to see it for several months. After a movie, they usually rode the streetcar down to an ice cream shop on 14th Street. Maurice could almost taste the cool sweetness of his favorite milkshake. "Aw, heck," he muttered and kicked at the grass growing between the sidewalk and the curb.

The bell for first class was ringing just as Maurice crossed the street, and he hurried to join the last of the students as they entered the portico. He did not see Jean among the stragglers, and he felt a curious sense of relief and disappointment. Perhaps he would not have to tell Jean until recess. It might be easier then. He could pretend that he had an appointment or something. Jean could not blame him or tease him for that. Maurice decided to work out an "alibi" during first class, and he pictured himself casually telling Jean that father wanted to introduce him to some important diplomats that afternoon. No, that would not do at all. Jean would only laugh. Maurice suddenly wished that he could just walk up to Jean and announce that he could not go, that he was busy, some other time perhaps. That would show Jean a thing or two.

A gentle nudge from behind made Maurice jump guiltily. As he turned abruptly he tripped on the second step leading into the building.

"You just made it, my boy."

The unexpected appearance of the boy's professor, and the gentle chiding in his voice made Maurice realize that he was the only student remaining in the portico. He ducked his head in embarrassment

and hurried through the double doors into the cool darkness of the hall. The classroom doors adjoining the hall were already closed and the boy hesitated before turning the knob on the one numbered 7A. He felt the faces of his eleven classmates turn and stare at him as he mumbled an apology for being late and slid quietly into his desk at the back of the room. Without looking up he knew that Jean was watching him, waiting for some sign of recognition. He kept his head down and fumbled in his bookbag for his French notebook. He did not want to see Jean now. Perhaps by recess he would have thought of something to tell him.

As M. Legrand came in there was a soft rustle of starched shirts and dresses, as if the boys and girls were settling in their desks permanently.

"Here we go," thought Maurice, looking at his watch. It was 8:22.

The recess bell rang at 10:30 and Maurice noted with a certain amount of satisfaction that it shrilled above the thin voice of M. Legrand. It seemed for a moment as if the professor were trying to compete with the bell for his voice rose in pitch to make the last words of his lecture heard. Maurice had his book and papers tucked back into his leather bag when he realized that M. Legrand was talking to him.

"M. Vignes. May I see you for a moment after class?"

The boy stood by his desk until his classmates had filed by him quietly. He could hear the children in the courtyard numbering off for soccer teams and he wished desperately that he was among them. Perhaps he would not be kept long. M. Legrand might only scold him for being late again.

"Maurice." His voice seemed lower now, disappointed.

"My boy, we must talk about these papers from your Friday examination. You did not do well at all. Your paper is full of careless mistakes and you did not even attempt to answer two of the most elementary questions. Since you are French yourself, we must expect you to do much better than the other students. It is easy for you. There is absolutely no excuse for the quality of your work. You seem to be doing better in your English classes. I am sure your Mother and Father would be disappointed if they knew how poorly you are doing in your own language. Perhaps it would be a good idea if I spoke to your parents some time about this. Do you think that would help?"

Maurice cringed. "Yes, sir, I mean, no, sir," he stammered. "That wouldn't help at all," he thought. "Papa would be furious and Mama would make me study after school and there would be no more movies and I'd have to speak dumb old French all the time and my friends . . . Jean!"

Suddenly he felt that he had to see Jean, had to explain to him about this afternoon. He had to make Jean understand why he couldn't go. His poor marks in French, M. Legrand's concern were

no longer important.

"I don't think that will be necessary, sir," Maurice said deliberately. "May I go now?"

"Of, course, Maurice, run along. Keep in mind what I said."

The strong sunlight in the courtyard blinded Maurice momentarily so that he could not pick out Jean from among the other children. Shielding his eyes from the glare with one hand, he pushed his way through a huddle of small girls chattering over a jack game and followed the cyclone fence to the opposite corner of the gravel yard. He knew Jean would be there leading the soccer team. The fence sagged with his weight as Maurice leaned back to watch the game and wait for Jean. He could see his friend dribbling the ball towards the goal, the rest of the boys running furiously behind him.

"Goal!" they shouted as the chubby goalkeeper sprawled face downward in the gravel in his efforts to trap the ball. Maurice grinned as Jean's teammates rushed up to congratulate their champion and, laughingly, the goalie from the rival team.

"Good shot," he called, smiling broadly now. Pride in Jean's success warned him, and catching his friend's acknowledging gesture Maurice felt that he had some small part in making the goal himself. They were friends after all. It seemed right that they should share even minor triumphs like scoring in soccer. Maurice remembered the pact they had made last spring to tell each other everything. There were to be no more secrets. The closeness of shared adventures, little conspiracies, held them together even through occasional bitter-quarrels. During the summer they had read several books on the tribal rites of the American Indian, and one close afternoon in August they had decided to try one of the primitive practices. They were to become blood brothers. Flinching a little with the self-inflicted pain, the boys had cut small gashes in their left hands. They had pressed the wounds together to let the blood run freely. Maurice remembered the exultation they had felt as their mingled blood dripped off their fingers

to stain the grass at their feet.

"We won, three to nothing!" Jean's voice startled him.

"Hey, what are you thinking so seriously about? By the way, why did the old boy keep you after class? You missed half the game."

"Nothing much. He just ranted for awhile on his favorite topic, my lousy French grades. He's threatened to tell Papa. You can just imagine what that would mean."

"What are you going to do?"

"I guess I'll have to study French. I told ole fishface I'd take care of it myself so I'll have to do something."

"Sure!" The sarcasm in Jean's voice irritated Maurice. "And do you plan to start this afternoon?"

This afternoon! Maurice flushed at the insinuation. So Jean had guessed after all. He might have known. This had happened too often before, too often for Jean to really count on him, he guessed. Dumb Frog, you've messed up again. Now you'll have to tell him.

Maurice pushed his hands deep in his pockets and glanced quickly at the older boy. He knew Jean was watching him, waiting for his excuse this time. Why did it always have to be him? Why couldn't Larry or Pete or even Jean mess up once? He had to be different and go home after school. "Go home to your mother," they would mock. "Go home, little boy." Dumb Frog. Never do anything right.

"Are you coming with us this afternoon? The words sounded dry, brittle, as if Jean already knew the answer was no. "Don't tell me you can't go again. We've planned this for weeks. You can't foul it up now."

Maurice watched Jean turn in disgust and start to walk away.

"Jean," he called, his voice wavering with indecision. He was chagrined by Jean's curious, knowing smile as the older boy stopped and looked back.

"Jean," he said quietly, shame making a hurt deep inside him, "what time are we leaving?"

POEM

Anne Butler, '60

Others whisper to me of Love
I do not know what it is
They shout in ecstasy of Love
I do not believe in it

His strong brown hands have calmed me
His sweet faces have charmed me
His hard bodies have warmed me

But where is the voice of heaven
The melody I become
The harmony in his touch
Where is the angel-glow he brings

I speak of him without a sound
I hear of him without a song
I think of him without a sigh

If then Love has passed me by
I shall but turn to other schemes
For I will not be bound to one
When all the world would have me

Cling to me passionately, Earth
What do I care of Love with you

STILL LIFE NUMBER ONE

Kelly Cherry, '61

number one lived in abc. abc wasn't much of a town, but number one liked it well enough and he didn't particularly mind living in abc. only, it got kind of boring once in a while and he sometimes wondered if he were really living a full life—you know, a full life like a painter lives, or a writer or actor lives, with art and free sex and creativity.

well, this was okay, this abc, and number one knew it. only, it was like this, and maybe he would try being real and honest and living with beer cans. philosophy was okay, and it'd be an interesting change anyway.

so number one left abc and security and good grades to go to a place called someplace and there he studied art and philosophy and existentialism; someplace wasn't any place especially, except when you got there you knew you were no longer a part of society. you were a hermit surrounded by hermits, you were a testtube in a rack with many testtubes, each testtube holding another acid.

Hey, did you know Gauguin was forty before he started to paint?

No kidding. Old boy did all right for his age . . .

Yeah, man.

number one, number one, and two, three, four, five . . . testtube, someplace, eternity, somespace. round and round to make a triangle.

Hell, boy. This Beethoven, I mean you just don't get any better.

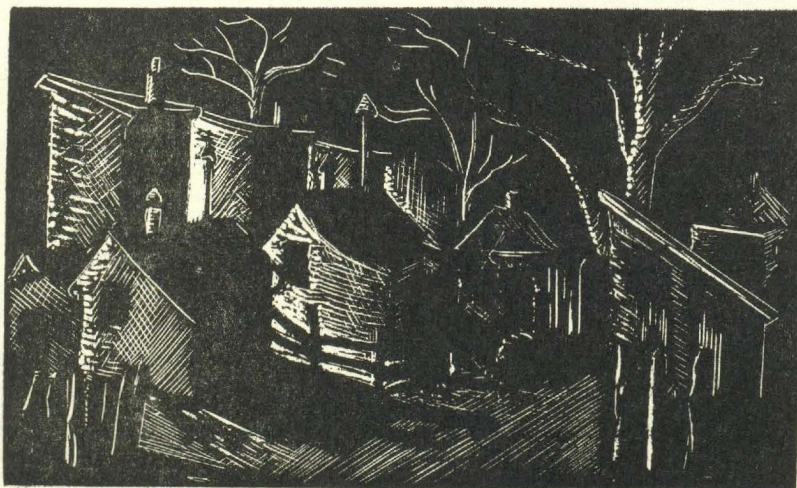
down the street from where they all lived was a railroad track. number one used to take his

nightdates to watch the trains pull their freight-cars after the nighttime was over and five a.m. noises had wakened. and sometimes he'd even go down by himself, just so he could meditate and contemplate and try to untangle his tangled feelings, he used to think about abc at five a.m. when everything in someplace was cold and misty and wet, but he always decided that he'd done the right thing and that his life had been lived well enough. still, it was still sort of blank, circle, no-color, because he never seemed to get anywhere and he wanted a period where there was only a comma.

What d'ya say, man? I mean, this god bit has got to go. So maybe there isn't a purpose to life, I don't know. I don't know a damn thing.

tuesday morning number one drifted down to the tracks. he was hard-thinking about being lost and wondering what it would feel like to be found, good and found, when a man-truck hit him. intersection, north and broad. nothing much happened; he was just run over—and then just like that he was dead, nowhere in someplace. two, three, four, and five came to get him, and they shipped his body back to abc so he could be buried in the cemetery there. and they cried, but only in private, so people wouldn't know they cried.

Hell, man. He was a good guy. Only trouble was, he worried too much. About life and living and love. I mean, sure, some of it's okay; but thinking never answers questions. Just asks more questions, if you get what I mean.



Poverty

Wood-Engraving

Amelia Kite

. . . AND THEN THERE WAS NOTHING

Elaine Freedman, '60

"Don't cry. Don't. Please don't cry. If you cry, I'll start. Oh please dear God, please."

Silhouetted against the on-coming night, the burly, knarled tree spread its arms toward the window and the girls. The younger girl lay on her stomach, hands in hair, hot tears on her cheeks, and stared at the tree. The older girl was now crying too. Daddy was dead—dead since this morning. They had taken a ride through the country and by the old airport; they had heard from everyone that they would never have to worry; everyone, just everyone, was going to take care of them; they had eaten hot soup and crackers. Yet nothing could stop the sudden swelling in the throat, the knotted throat, then the throb in the head, the hotness crawling over the face and to the eyes . . . "blink, blink again! Think of something else, think, think, think. Oh God!" . . . and then the scalding tears filled the eyes and made little patterns on the front of the dress. There was nothing to do except stare at the tree—the tree that had opened its arms to them for years.

"Daddy never takes a shower. I know he doesn't 'cause every night when I go to bed he hasn't taken a shower."

"Lisa, you know that your father takes showers and baths. He takes them after you've gone to sleep, dear." Her mother continued to mix the batter.

"Oh no Mommy. And you don't take baths very often either. Sometimes you do, I know, 'cause you sit on the edge of the tub and fix that ugly bump on your foot afterwards."

"Lisa, you really mustn't talk like that. Suppose someone should hear you."

"Well, it's true. It is!"

The little girl swung her long, tangled hair around in the air. Her skinny, little legs did a jig dance.

"Now get out of the kitchen. You'll get hair in everything. Get out, go on. You just ask your father tonight when he comes home. Now scoot!"

And Daddy did come home that evening. The door opened, and Daddy, with his constant cigar tucked sloppily in the corner of his mouth, took his hat in one hand, held it in the same manner a vaudeville dancer holds his straw skimmer, and yelled a big, smiling "Hello" as only Daddy could say hello. As usual, he had his newspaper under his arm. The little girl threw her arms around his legs and squealed.

"Hi little Honey. How's my girl?"

And later they read the paper together. Daddy hadn't had much formal education, but he was always well aware of world affairs, and his shrewd-

ness had made him and his family quite comfortable.

"I can read any word in the paper."

"All right, how 'bout this—huh?"

"Oh that's not fair, Daddy. You know I don't know that."

Uncle Dave had come early that morning and had taken Mother with him and Aunt Vivian. Mother had looked frightened when she left. She had been silent and, from the expression on her face, it was obvious that her front teeth were biting together as though she were holding something between them, something like bitterness. While they were gone Aunt Kate stayed with the two girls. The woman tried to hide her anxiety, her heaviness, her grief but, when the younger girl spoke to her, the answer came in cracked, throaty speech. Her face reddened, her eyes looked like fluid glass, and the little girl sensed the meaning of the frightened contours of her mother's face. The girl had seen Aunt Vivian whisper to Aunt Kate. She thought she had heard, "Yes, he is," but hadn't realized the meaning of the words. A feeling of dread seeped into her.

Two nights ago they had all gone to the hospital. They had had to wait in the lobby for a short while, and Lisa was anxious, very anxious, to see her Daddy. Finally someone motioned, and they began the short, but seemingly never-ending, walk down the corridor. Lisa began to smile, to grin. Her lips seemed to spread completely across her face. She felt that she did not have enough skin to cover her teeth in the smile. Her face ached with the smile and the happiness, but still she could not stop grinning.

When they were all standing around Daddy's bed, he held her hand and rubbed his rough thumb over her knuckles as he had always done. At first it was a pleasant and warm sensation, but, as the thumb moved over the knuckles again, again, again, the sensation changed to that of annoyance. Still, this was her Daddy; he loved her and held her hand. And she loved him, so she stood there while they all talked and felt his thumb again, again, again.

That had been two nights ago.

"Daddy, stop and pick us some daffodils."

"Honey, I can't. It's raining, and I'll get all wet."

"Please Daddy-pretty pretty please."

The two little girls squirmed in the back seat as the car sped along the country road which was lined with fields of daffodils and wet with spring-

time rain.

"No kids. Now stop asking me."

Daddy continued to speed as he always did; Daddy was a terrible driver. Once he had illegally parked, and, as he was getting out of the car onto the main street, he was knocked back in by a passing bus. He wasn't hurt, and his two daughters thought the whole incident was exceedingly amusing, but Mother never stopped haranguing him about it.

"Oh Daddy, you could stop only for a minute. Come on, Daddy—for us, please?"

So Daddy stopped the car, got out and tramped around in the long, yellow daffodils. His hands became green with the stems; his shoes were lined with wet earth; and his felt hat wore the air of a polka-dotted print . . . but most annoying of all, his cigar had gone out.

"Oh Daddy, thank you thank you thank you."

However, when they finally reached home, the girls jumped out of the car forgetting to clear the back seat of the wet, yellow mess.

And now it was Sunday. When Mother and Uncle Dave came back, Mother looked awful. Her

face was set in a cold, bitter expression; her eyes were swollen and out-lined in red; and her face was splotchy. Lisa was afraid of her mother. She screamed inside: "Mother, I don't love you anymore. I only love Daddy." But she remained silent until Uncle Dave lifted both her and her sister to his lap and said something through his unintelligible, weeping speech. Lisa had known then what he had said to her, but years later she could not remember anything except sitting on his lap, tasting death, and realizing that what she had sensed was true.

She knew now that Daddy was dead—dead since this morning. She lay there on the big double bed beside her sister. Now that evening had filled the streets, crept around the house and into the room finally enveloping all, she remembered that she had lost. They had even laughed occasionally that day. Many people had come to see them bringing food and happiness. But now the cold darkness had come, and the people were gone, and Mother was lying down, and her sister was crying, and Daddy was dead, and there was nothing to do except stare through the window and see the night come into the tree that had been there for years—and would always be there to offer the comfort of its arms.

*"And Shall Not Loveliness Be Loved Forever" **

a soft explosion of colors with the
rising sun . . . warmth . . . thoughts
reaching into the cool, calm night, unexplained.

Gracie Hutchison, '60

Mobile yet motionless, a person without caught
by himself within; spring stands still.

Kelly Cherry, '61

Spring—the climax of creation.

Joyce Lane Fooks, '60

One day crowds into the next
I get lost in crowds

Anne Butler, '60

Rippling rays of sunlight running
over restless Reason.

Claudine Aldrich, '60

*EURIPIDES.

Seeps through my heart
And lines the hollows . . .

Linda Roberts, '60

crusted oars breathe amidst warm ripples
Natalie Robins, '60

golden buds blister with their fondlings
Natalie Robins, '60

Be what I am, if I may
Be what I am, if I can,
there will always be Love
wherever I am,
For I am the Spring-time—
and lover of life.

Rita De Felice, '61

I like to tangle my fingers in your hair
and feel that it is warm with sun . . . and then
brush my lips against your sun-browned face
and feel that I am warm with love.

Elaine Freedman, '60

ENIGMA

Ann Monroe Stinchcomb '60

I can not overcome the force which
You seem to impress upon my being.
You, alone seem to overshadow
My living, my personality, myself.

One can be hurt but wounds however deep
Heal even though the healing hurts more
Than all the infinite experiences which
Contribute to the puncturing of the soul.

Restlessness, ambition, materialism
All characteristics which you seem to possess
for me.
Appeal, magnetism, the searched for attributes
Which I spend a lifetime seeking.
Hunting for those things, unattractive but
fascinating in you.

You combine good—good and evil entrancing;
Golden baubles held upon a string far from reach,
Unconquerable, unattainable.

Physical, spiritual—all—completeness joined to-
gether in happiness.
The eagerness, the pushing, always pushing you,
And yet yielding, inextricably involved.
Smiling, insincerely, still something more.

Feeling hidden behind gaiety, laughter, and poise.
How do you do? How are you?
Who are you? and who am I?
Is there a being—a single person fused from two?
Yes, I'm fine, thank you, and you?
Are you afraid? Running, running, fleeing from
experience which will wound.
Isn't the evening lovely; so warm, so intimate.
Running, a stag being chased, a bear hunting, yet
always afraid.

Faster, faster, escape, elude that which you know
Will satisfy, entrance, enthrall and fill the needs.
Needs intrinsic to everyone, inborn in every man.
Yes, perhaps someone will be hurt.
It doesn't matter, dear, I've been hurt—
before . . .



Figure Drawing

Rose Bennet '60

THE SPRING STUDENT EXHIBITION

Louise Miller '58

The Annual Spring Student Exhibition opened the sixth of this month with a small afternoon reception prepared by members of the art faculty and art club. It was an unprecedented opening for this is the first year that a reception has been given in honor of the exhibitors and their professors. It was a nice, almost professional touch, and the refreshment table was a pleasant stopping place between the over-warm, over-crowded exhibit rooms.

There are four exhibit rooms, two on either side of the foyer. Those to the right, as one enters the building, are hung with oils from the painting classes of Mr. Eric Eisenburger. The paintings, over thirty in number, represent the best work done by his students this year. It is an exciting, mature show, ranging in subject from expressionistic nudes and figures to an unusually small group of abstractions. The still-life, which ordinarily comprises the major part of a student exhibit, has become third best to the figure studies and abstract paintings. It is a refreshing change, and one that gives the student greater experience in handling varied subjects.

The paintings are done on nubbly-textured mat boards which have been washed in thin, transparent color. This use of under-painting gives the show a rich continuity, a bond which ties together the many diverse styles. This year it can not be said that the student exhibit looks like a one-man, show for there is as much difference in technique as in subject.

The paintings are large this year. The most prodigious in size is called "Crap Game" and is painted by Dorit Lesser. The panel covers over one half a wall. It is a painting of several men standing or sitting behind a gambling table which dominates the foreground of the picture. The men are painted broadly with wide, slashing brush strokes. Their great clubs of hands are a violent contrast to their sensitive, almost delicate faces. These sensitive faces are the thin line between crudity and vitality in Miss Lesser's painting. The color remains subtle even through the vigor of technique. Brilliant gold on one man's shirt front makes an interesting, just off-center, focal point.

Also making use of the off-center focal point is Dee de Shields in her large, full figure of "Mandolin Player." Miss de Shields has painted the figure on the right side of the panel with its legs stretched across to the left, forcing the broad area above the legs to balance the figure by virtue of its size alone. The pale, poignant face of the player floats moon-like above the body. It adds a mystic touch to an otherwise decorative painting.

Warfield Pavlansky's "Music Class" approaches

mysticism also with its abstract pattern of space and semi-decorative figures. The soft browns, greys and blues of the painting blend easily to create an illusive balance between the transparent and opaque.

Of the purely decorative style of painting are several panels by Valinda Marks. The paintings are charming, and her careful control of technique and spatial relationships compensate for the strength they lack. Virginia Mosely's "Composition in Space" and, more dynamically, "The Arcade," show good concentric organization and strong rhymical form. Jerri Clark Potvin's "Spring," purple and gold against darks of green and brown, is one of the most sensuously beautiful abstractions of the show. As sensuous as "Spring" in color, but surpassing it in style and composition is Bonnie Hatch's "Nude."

The exhibit rooms to the left contain drawings and prints in one, from Mrs. Dorothy D. Van Winckel's three studio classes, and ceramics and sculpture in the other. Mrs. Van Winckel's Figure Sketch class is represented by charcoal, ink, and pastel sketches. Notable among the several drawings is Linda Carroll's "Boredom," a face and hand study in charcoal. The pastels are interesting in their strong, blocky freedom but in general the work of both the Figure Sketch class and the Drawings and Design class lacks the conviction of previous exhibits.

The prints from Graphic Arts, Mrs. Van Winckel's advanced studio class, are hung on one wall in an elongated diamond shape. There are thirty or more prints in a variety of mediums including wood cuts, and wood engravings, and color blocks. They show an imaginative command of composition, design, and skill. It is a good, large exhibit from a small class.

The last exhibit room, filled with pieces of sculpture and ceramic pots, would have a quietly oriental atmosphere if it were not crowded with paintings that would not fit in the other rooms. The sculpture, from Mr. Gaetano Cecere's classes, which comprises a number of small pieces in plaster, plasticine and stone, is placed along two walls and on a central stand. There are several good heads, a large number of small figurines, three or four excellent figure studies in plasticine, and a few imaginative reliefs. Rose Bennett's "Beggar" in plasticine is a fine example of imagination coupled with a good knowledge of the material. It has been modeled and cut in chunky planes so that only the essential in detail remains. Nancy Rorabaugh's plaster piece of a man's head leaning against the wave he is holding with his



Woodcut

Dorit Lesser '58

right arm is solid, compact, with long, lyrical lines keeping it from being brutal.

Around the other walls in the room are carefully placed ceramic pots, vases and bowls, from Mr. Dean Mullavey's afternoon classes. There are large, sturdy hand pieces, well shaped and original, as well as many wheel thrown pots. It is the glazes that make the exhibit remarkable. Most of them are stoneware glazes in mottled shades of green, brown and blue. One glaze that appears on several pots is a shade wonderfully between a grey blue and a green, a shade in which color is discernable in itself. A number of the pieces show an oriental influence in their shapes as well as in the way they have been glazed. Miss Sieu Cheng has two small stoneware covered boxes in the show which, understandably, are obviously oriental. They stand

about five inches tall and are delicately tapered from the bottom. The glaze is a marvelous splashing of warm green and gold against white. Amelia Kite has an oriental quality to her wheel thrown covered jar. It is a round jar about eight inches tall, swelling out from a slender base. The glaze is a rich, warm green flecked with dark. Outstanding among the small bowls and pots are those of Bonnie Hatch, Dorit Lesser and Sandra Sheesley. These students and the others who worked to make good, original pots have helped Mr. Mullavey to make ceramics one of the high points of the exhibition.

The Annual Spring Student Exhibition will be open through graduation. It is a good show, stimulating and more than worth the time it takes to see it.

MODERN JAZZ

Lucia Hansell, '61
Joyce Neill, '60

Modern jazz is indeed a controversial form of music. This new sound, a source of much delight to some, is likewise a source of extreme perplexity to others. There is, however, no real need for a person to be confused by modern jazz. If one can understand the sources and purposes of this music, it is easy enough to understand and appreciate the music itself.

Modern jazz had its beginning at Hermosa Beach in Southern California during the late 30's and early 40's. This was a period of swing and big dance bands, but, although swing was good music for dancing, it definitely lacked listening appeal. Stan Kenton, who was playing at Hermosa Beach, began looking for something new—music for the ear. After-hour jam sessions resulted, and, through these jam sessions, modern jazz had its birth. Stan Kenton, leader of these sessions, came to be known as the father of west coast jazz.

Paralleling the west coast movement, musicians on the east coast began their own movement to develop a jazz for the ear. The east coast music, referred to as bop, was centered in New York City. Bop was headed by such people as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonias Monk. The leaders of the two movements, west coast and east coast, although in different parts of the country, had a common meeting ground—they were all searching for the same thing, a new music that would express the feeling of the musician and, at the same time, emphasize the ability of the artist.

Today there still exist differences between the east and west coast schools. Basically the east coast jazz is more intricate than that of the west coast. East coast jazz is composed almost entirely of improvisation with the actual melody so submerged that it is scarcely recognizable. On the other hand, the west coast jazz is less complicated and follows the melody more closely.

In order to appreciate modern jazz, it is necessary for a novice to be familiar with present day jazz stars on both coasts. The east coast school is now headed by such people as Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, John Lewis and Oscar Pettiford, all of whom have a remarkable background in music. In fact, John Lewis who heads the famous Modern Jazz Quartet has had an exceptionally classical background. New York is still the main headquarters for these musicians. The leaders of the west coast school are Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, Chet Baker, and Dave Brubeck. Two well-known groups are the Curtis Conce Quartet and the Howard Rumsey Light House All Stars. It is interesting to note that the Light House All Stars play at the same club on Hermosa Beach where modern jazz was

started by Stan Kenton. Perhaps, however, the best known of all these names is Dave Brubeck. Brubeck's music is a quieter jazz which shows quite a classical influence.

In order to feel at home with jazz enthusiasts while learning to appreciate modern jazz, beginners should learn some of the jazz terms. Because much of the "cool cat" language is derived from the jazz world, many of these terms are already familiar. If a musician "swings," he is considered very good and conveys a certain feeling to the listener. The term "swing," however is not to be confused with the swing of Glen Miller. The opposite of "swinging" would be "not blowing." "Funky" is a term used for the blues that swing, and "solid," like "swinging," simply denotes excellent music in this field. "Way out" indicates that the musician or music referred to far surpasses the average. "Scat" is a vocal term which signifies that the vocalist is using his voice as an instrument. Finally, records are referred to as "sides." These terms help the beginner to understand the language of the jazz world.

Modern jazz, like modern art, is an attempt to create something new. Likewise, this music appeals to the mind as well as to the senses. In order to understand modern jazz some personal effort must be made on the part of the individual. However, the rich rewards that may be gained by an appreciation of jazz are well worth the effort required by this new music.

JUST FOR MORN

Natalie Robins, '60

finally the rain came
fierce it burned through
the land
it swept away the tarnished
leaves and left
its halo
its sudden frenzy ripped open
the bud, then waited for
the cloud
its awesome brilliance flooded
the gilded bark
which sang aloud
for the rain with all its flame
had crossed the bridge
then came the rainbow

THE HAND-ME DOWN

Ann de Porry, '58

Andy Carter hopped on his right foot down the rocky path leading from the dirt road to the house. He had just bet himself that he could hop more times on his right foot than on his left, and he was busily counting and at the same time trying to keep his balance. He was a bit reluctant to go home, partly because he had been scolded at-lunch time for trying to catch minnows with his mother's kitchen strainer, but mostly because he knew his Aunt Liddy would be there. Even though hopping slowed him down, he still moved steadily along the path. On the seventeenth hop, he stubbed his toe on a rock and fell. He sat there a moment wanting to cry, but, since he had just turned nine years old two weeks before, he decided to be brave. He did, however, carefully unlace his tennis shoe and remove it and his sock, just to make sure that the toe wasn't too badly injured. After looking at it closely and deciding that it wasn't really broken, he pulled on the sock, still damp from the morning's minnow-catching experience, and then the shoe. Finally, when he could think of no other reason for sitting in the middle of the path, he got up and walked on towards the house.

The Carter Place, as it was commonly known, was a grey clapboard house, one that might have looked quite nice with two coats of white paint. It sat in the middle of a yard which was covered with weeds and crabgrass, and enclosed by a rusted wire fence. The only assets were two tall hickory trees which, in the summertime, completely shaded the house.

Andy entered the yard as quietly as he could. He could hear his mother and Aunt Liddy through the open window, or rather he could hear Aunt Liddy. She always did two-thirds of the talking. Folks said her greatest trial was to keep silent during prayer meetings, and even then she could hardly wait for Reverend Martin to finish so she could say "Amen." She always fussed over Andy whenever she came to visit, telling him how much he had grown (as if he didn't know), and reminding him to be sure to put each tooth he lost under his pillow so the good fairy would bring him peppermints.

Andy went over to the window, hoping that the soft swish of his tennis shoes against the dry grass would not attract attention. He was curious to know what the two women were doing, but he was not willing to go inside to find out. "It ought to fit right good," Aunt Liddy was saying. "He's grown so much this summer that it don't need to be cut down as much as I thought. Now you just tack the linin' back in, Martha, and lemme fix the hem. There's a lot of wear in this coat yet.

Paid sixteen dollars for it. Lasted me for years until it kind of shrunk a little."

"Liddy," Martha interrupted "the scissors please," Andy heard his aunt mumble something about having them right there just a second ago. He could tell he was the subject of their conversation, and he wished he were a few inches taller so that he could see into the room. Then he thought of the hickory tree. An old rope hung from the lower branch. He sometimes used it for a swing. He could climb it without being seen, for the tree trunk would be between him and the window. Several minutes later he was sitting in the crotch of the tree where the lower branches joined each other. Slowly he worked his way out along the branch that reached towards the open window.

The rough bark scratched his stomach every time he moved. He wriggled his way out as far as he could go, and then he pressed his cheek flat against the limb and peered through the branches into the room. There on his mother's sewing table lay the most hideous mass of green material he had ever seen. He could not tell what it was, but he did not like the idea of his being connected with it in any way.

Aunt Liddy sewed as fast as she talked. "Good practical color, don't you think, Martha," She looked around for the scissors. "Dirt sort of blends in with it. It'll be a dern sight warmer for him than anything you could afford."

His mother looked up from her work and gave Aunt Liddy what Andy called her snap and crackle look. "She's awful mad," he thought. He knew she hated to hear anyone let on that they knew she was poor. He remembered the time his mother had tried to explain to him why they didn't have much money. It was the day he had wanted to go to the carnival in Starkton with Jimmy Macklin's big brother. "Your pa wasn't a rich man," she had told him. "He wasn't even a thrifty man, so we've got to be all the more careful with the little bit he left us. Insurance checks won't buy any extras."

Aunt Liddy had not noticed Martha's anger. "There I'm done," she said as she snipped a thread and jabbed her needle into the pincushion. She held up the material, smiling proudly at her work. Andy leaned forward as much as he dared, and looked with horror at a pea-green coat that had obviously been made over from one several sizes larger. Suddenly he realized that it was for him, and, with all the power of lungs developed by nine years of vigorous exercise, he screamed, "I won't."

Aunt Liddy dropped the coat, and, with a "Mer-

ciful Heavens," ran with Martha to the window. They looked out and up into Andy's angry and determined face.

"Andy!" His mother sounded snap and crackly. "Andy, get down from there." He began to wriggle backwards down the limb. Aunt Liddy, recovering from her shock, began talking. "This instant," she sputtered. "Get down this instant." He paused, wishing to do anything rather than obey Aunt Liddy, but a warning "Andy" from his mother made him move even more quickly than before. He reached for the rope and nearly burned his hands in his haste to slide to the ground.

His mother met him at the door and pulled him inside. "I won't wear it," he repeated as soon as she let go of him.

"Well I never," began Aunt Liddy, and was then silenced by a look from Martha.

"Aunt Liddy was kind enough to give me her old coat." His mother's voice was carefully controlled. Andy relaxed a little. He knew that she would wait until later to punish him. "We've been working on it all afternoon." She picked up the coat and held it out. "I want you to try it on."

He knew this was an order rather than an invitation. There were certain times when he did not argue with his mother, and this was one of them. He slipped his arms into the sleeves and stood there facing the two women.

Aunt Liddy dropped to her knees and tugged at the hem and collar. To Andy, the coat seemed to be an even more hideous shade of green than when he had first seen it through the window. He knew he would have to wear it—to school, to church, everywhere. He could see himself walking into the schoolyard. Charlie Thompson would saunter over and say, "Where'd you get your green coat, Andy. And someone else would join him and say, "Gee, I wish I had a green coat," in a tone that let you know that he didn't really wish he had one at all. Pretty soon there'd be a crowd and they'd begin chanting "Andy's got a green coat, Andy's got a green coat," over and over again, just like they used to say "Andy's got a girlfriend." Then Linda Vane would hear and come over. When she saw him she'd run back and tell all the other girls, and they'd sit there and giggle and point at him.

Then Andy knew he couldn't wear that coat, not even if there wasn't any other coat at all. He jerked away from Aunt Liddy, and, without looking at his mother, he turned and ran out of the house.

By the time he reached the fence his mother had nearly caught up with him. He flattened himself against the ground and had almost squirmed his way under the bottom strand of barbed wire when he was stopped, not by his mother, but by one of these barbs designed to stop any living thing from going over or under. He could see

his mother coming closer and closer, and Aunt Liddy was just a little bit behind her breathing like she couldn't get quite enough air. Andy gave a quick pull and closed his eyes as he heard the green material rip. He rolled over and stood up. With his hands he could feel the long jagged tear going halfway down the back of the coat.

"Now I won't have to wear it." He looked triumphant at his mother and turned around so she could see for herself.

"No, Andy." His mother sounded funny—not snap and crackly, but not happy either. "You won't have to wear it."

For once Aunt Liddy was silent. She just stood there. She looked at his mother and screwed up her mouth, but she didn't say a word.

Andy wished they wouldn't be so quiet. It was just an old coat. It didn't matter that it was ripped. And besides, he couldn't help it if it got caught on the fence. But then he thought about his mother saying that they couldn't afford good things. He guessed a new coat maybe was pretty expensive.

He kicked the dry grass with his tennis shoe. "I'm sorry, Ma," he mumbled, "but this old fence got in my way, and . . ."

"Yes Andy." His mother sounded tired. "Come on back to the house. You won't have to wear the coat."

Andy slipped back under the fence and started across the yard behind the two women. Knowing that he had won didn't make him quite as happy as he had thought it would. He had sort of a heavy feeling halfway between his throat and his stomach. There wouldn't be any green coat, he knew, but somehow, he wished there would.

WHAT-WHY

Kelly Cherry, '61

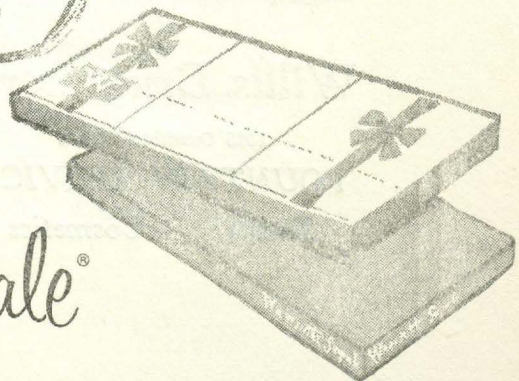
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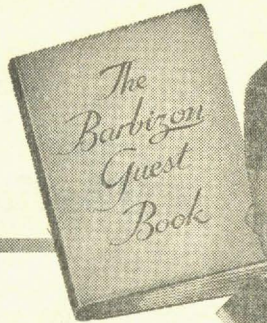
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